

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

*Ophel.* You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.

*Ophel.* Still better and worse.

*Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking raven doth bel-  
low for revenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,  
Considerate season, else no creature seeing,  
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,  
With *Hecats* bane thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,  
On wholsome life usurps immediately.

*Ham.* A poisons him i'th garden for his estate, his name's *Gonza-*  
*go*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall  
see anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzagoes* wife.

*Ophel.* The King rises.

*Quee.* How fares my Lord?

*Pol.* Give ore the play.

*King.* Give me some light, away.

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham & Horatio.*

*Ham.* Why let the stricken Deere goe weep,

The Hart ungalled play,

For some must watch whilest some must sleep,

Thus runs the world away. Would not this fir, and a Forrest of fea-  
thers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with provincial  
Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of plaiers?

*Hora.* Halfe a share.

*Ham.* A whole one I.

For thou dost know O *Damon* deare

This realme dismantled was

Of *Jove* himsele, and now raignes here

A very very paiocke.

*Hora.* You might have rim'd:

*Ham.* O good *Horatio*, I let take the Ghosts word for a thousand  
pound. Didst perceive?

*Hora.* Very well my Lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talke of the poisoning.

*Hora.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmark*

*Ham.* Ah ha, come some mi-  
For if the King likes not the C-  
Why then belike he likes it no-  
Come, some musicke.

*Enter Rosencranz*

*Guy.* Good my Lord vouch

*Ham.* Sir a whole Historie.

*Guy.* The King fir.

*Ham.* I fir, what of him?

*Guy.* Is in his retirement m

*Ham.* With drinke fir?

*Guy.* No my Lord, with ch

*Ham.* Your wisdome shou-  
nifie this to the Doctor; for fe-  
would perhaps plunge him into

*Guy.* Good my Lord put y-  
And stare not so wildly upon m

*Ham.* I am tame fir, pronou

*Guy.* The Queene your mo-  
rit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guy.* Nay good my Lord, this  
if it shall please you to make r-  
your mothers commandement  
turne shall be the end of the bu

*Ham.* Sir I cannot.

*Ros.* What my Lord?

*Ha.* Make you a wholsome an-  
answer as I can make you shall o-  
mother; therefore no more, but

*Ros.* Then thus she saies, you  
amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderfull sonne th-  
there no sequell at the heels of

*Ros.* She desires to speak with

*Ham.* We shall obey, were sh-  
any further trade with us?

*Ros.* My Lord you once did